

"Tyndall, the sweetest reward of my work is the sympathy and good will which it has caused to flow in upon me from all quarters of the world." Among his letters I find little sparks o/f kindness, precious to no one but myself, but more precious to me than all. He would peep into the laboratory when he thought me weary, and take me upstairs with him to rest. And if I happened to be absent he would leave a little note for me, couched in this or some other similar form:—"Dear Tyndall,—I was looking for you, because we were at tea—we have not yet done—will you come up ? " I frequently shared his early dinner; almost always, in fact, while my lectures were going on. There was no trace of asceticism in his nature. He preferred the meat and wine of life to its locusts and wild honey. Never once during an intimacy of fifteen years did he mention religion to me, save when I drew him on to the subject. He then spoke to me without hesitation or reluctance; not with any apparent desire to improve the occasion/" but to give me such information as I sought. He believed the human heart to be swayed by a power to which science or logic opened no approach, and right or wrong, this faith, held in perfect tolerance of the faiths of others, strengthened and beautified his life.

From the letters just referred to, I will select three for publication here. I choose the first, because it contains a passage revealing the feelings with which Faraday regarded his vocation, and also because it contains an allusion which will give pleasure to a friend.

(Royal Institution.)  
" Ventnor, Isle of Wight, June 28,  
1854.

" MY DEAR TYNDALL,—You see by the top of this letter how much habit prevails over me; I have just read yours from thence, and yet I think myself there. However, I have left its science in very good keeping, and I am glad to learn that you are at experiment once more. But how is the health? Not well, I fear. I wish you would get yourself strong first and work afterwards. As for the fruits, I am sure they will be good, for though I sometimes despond as regards myself, I do not as regards you. You are young, I am old.

*. . . But then our subjects are so glorious, that  
to work at  
them rejoices and encourages the feeblest / delights  
and enchants  
the strongest.*

*" I have not yet seen anything from Magnus.  
Thoughts*